## Detective COMICS



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## DETECTIVE COMICS

VINCENT A. SULLIVAN

Editor

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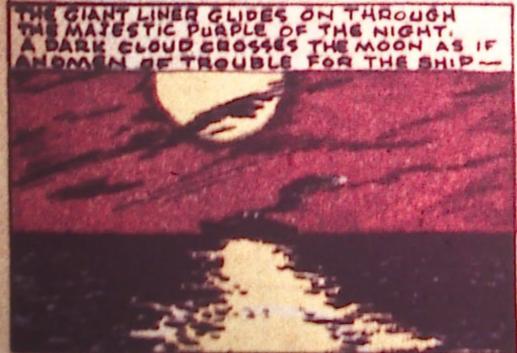








































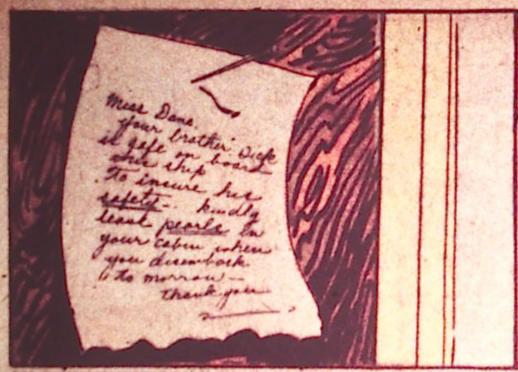






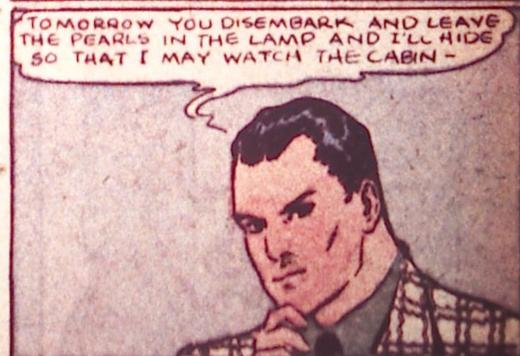






























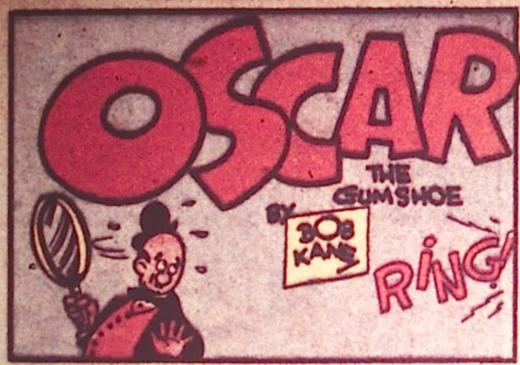






SPEED SAUNDERS
RECOVERS AND
HELPS THE POLICE
SEARCH FOR THE
BODY OF LORD
ETON AND THE
FAMOUS DARBY
PEARLS WHICH
ARE CLUTCHED
IN HIS HAND AND
SEALED WITH HIM
IN HIS WATERY
GRAVE—

read more about the mystery of the DARBY PEARLS!



























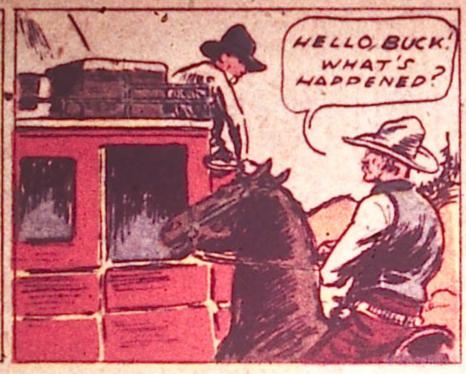








MEANWHILE BUCK HEARS SOUNDS OF A RIDER COMING UPTHE TRAIL, THEN THE SHERIFF REINS IN BESIDE THE STAGE

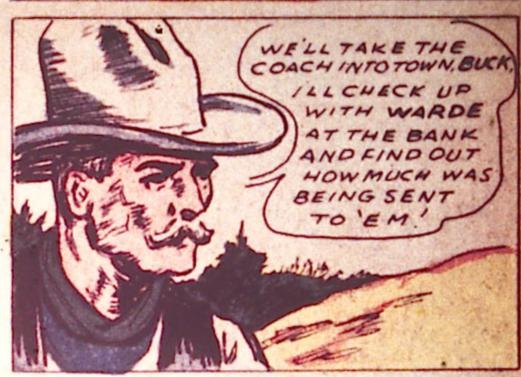












AFTER BUCK AND THE SHERIFF DRIVE THE STAGE COACH INTO SAGECITY, THEY START OFF IMMEDIATELY TO LOCATE APACHE JOE









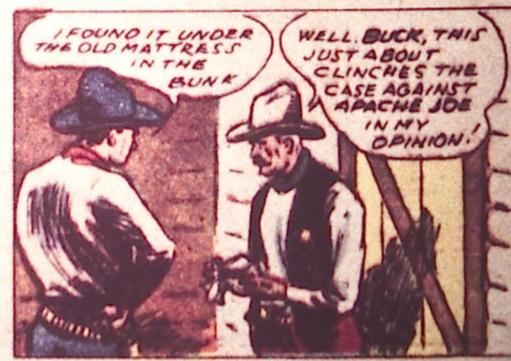








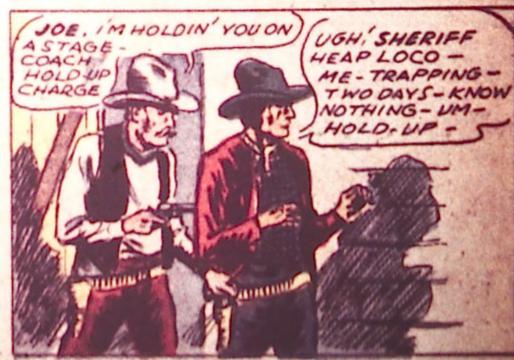


















YES, SHERIFF AND

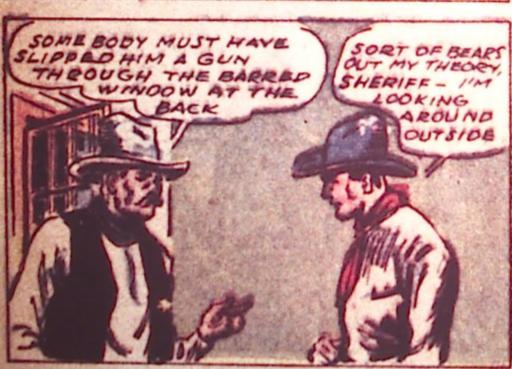


























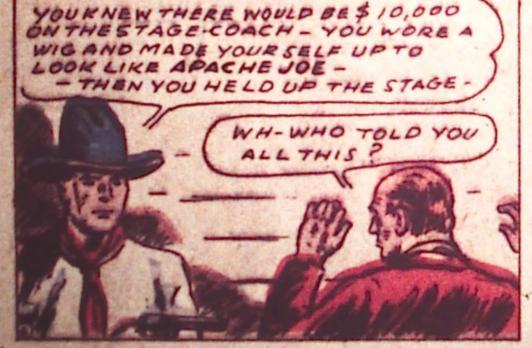


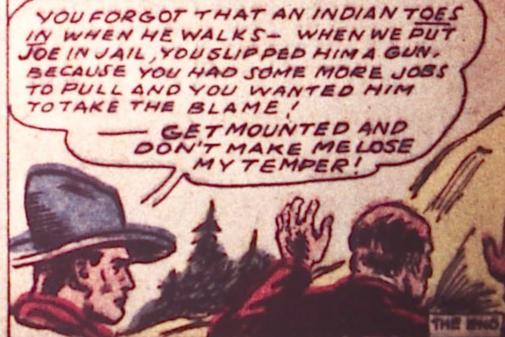


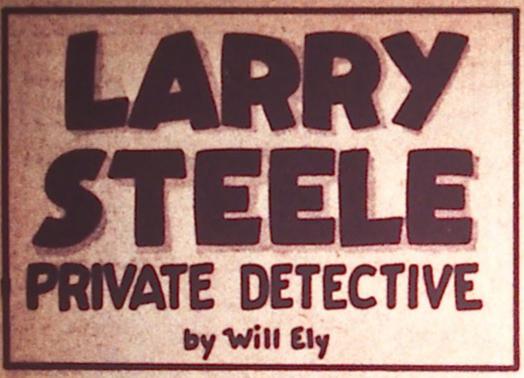












LARRY'S REPUTATION AS A SUCCESSFUL PRIVATE DETECTIVE IS BECOMING WELL ESTABLISHED IN NEW YORK CITY-IN SOME QUARTERS, PERHAPS TOO MUCH SO FOR HIS OWN WELFARE- LET US LOOK IN ON A RATHER INTERESTING LITTLE MEETING TAKING PLACE IN A SQUALID ROOMING HOUSE IN THE SLUM SECTION OF BROOKLYN-"SNOW" THE LEADER IS SPEAKING ---





































































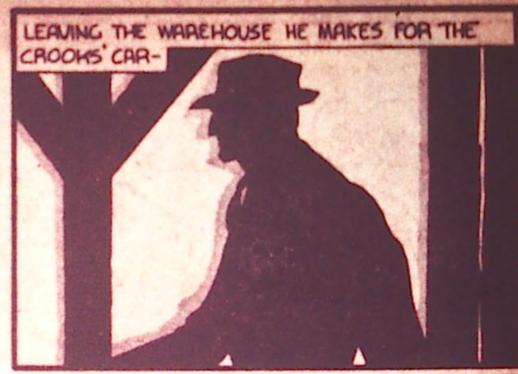






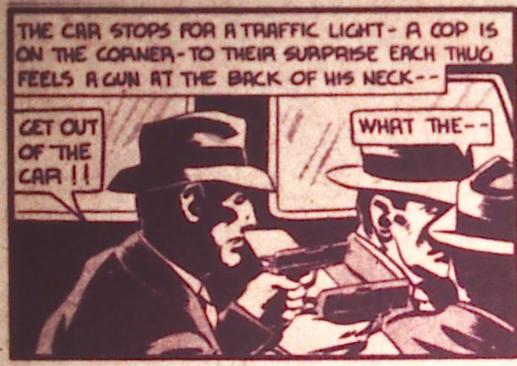






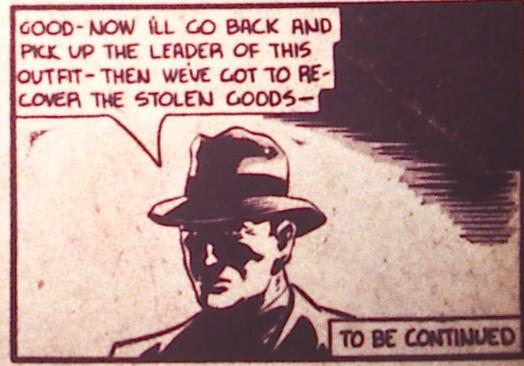














YOUR METHODS ARE A BIT CLUMSY
MR. NELSON. NOW YOU'VE GO. A MURDER
ON YOUR HANDS. WHAT ARE YOU GOING
TODO?



HE ROLLED PARSONS BODY UNDER THE B. D WHERE IT WAS PRETTY WELL HIDDEN.

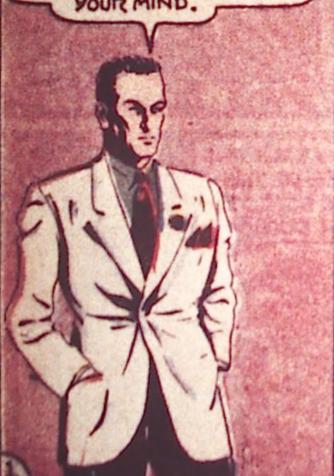
THIS TOOM SOIT DOESN'T LOOK AS IF



SO YOU'RE GIVING ORDERS NOW.
WELL I'M NOT TAKING ANY. NOT
WITHOUT A PRICE.



ALL RIGHT, SHOOT! WHAT'S ON



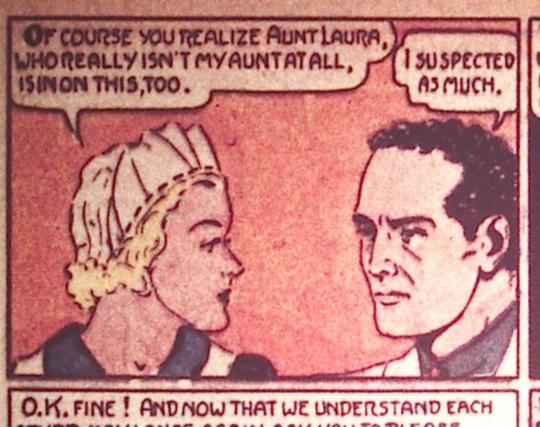
FIRST YOU BREAK IN HERE AND TAKE
THE DIAMOND RIGHT OUT FROM UNDER
MY NOSE. THEN YOU MURDER A MAN
IN COLD BLOOD. AND NOW YOU TRYAND
ORDER ME AROUND. I HAVE PLENTY
ON YOU NELSON SO I'M GOING TO GIVE
THE ORDERS INSTEAD OF YOU.



HAVE YOU GOT A GO-BETWEEN?

SOME ONE TO GET RID OF THE DIAMOND
FOR YOU? - GOOD! - I HAVEN T. - 50,
I HAVE THE STONE, YOU HAVE THE
MEANS OF GETTING RID OF IT, WE'LL
SPLIT FIFTY-FIFTY. FAIR ENOUGH?





THEN COME TO OUR STATE ROOM TO NIGHT AND WE'LL TALK IT OVER WITH HER, I'M QUITE SURE SHE'LL BE AGREEABLE, ALTHOUGH SHE'LL BE PRETTY HOT ABOUT ME NOT LANDING THE DIAMOND ALONE.



O.K. FINE! AND NOW THAT WE UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER MAY I ONCE AGAIN ASK YOU TO PLEASE STRAIGHTEN UP THIS ROOM SOWE CAN GET OUT OF HERE



WHILE PAT WAS OBLIGING, NELSON WRAPED THE DIAMOND IN HIS HANDKERCHIEF AND PUT ITIN HIS



THERE! - GUESS ALL THE TRACES ARE COVERED-



LISTEN! SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR!



QUICK ! DUCK BEHIND THAT TRUNK!



THEY HAD BARELY CONCEALED THEMSELVES BEHIND THE LARGE TRUNK, WHEN CRULKINS AND STRAFFACHI STEPPED CAUTIOUSLY IN THE ROOM.









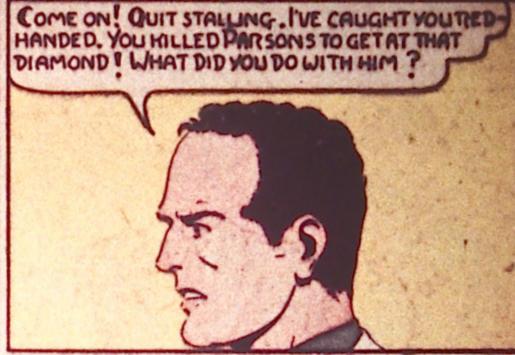






















WELL THAT'S WHAT YOU CALL KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE . GETTING OUT OFA MURDER RAP AND DOING AWAY WITH A COUPLE OF RIVALS AT THE SAME TIME . . I'LL MEET YOU AND YOUR AUNT IN YOUR CABIN TOMORROW AND WE'LL TALK BUSINESS.





IT'S AS MUCH MY FAULT AS YOURS WE DIDN'T GET THE DIAMOND, I TRIED TO HOLD PARSONS AS LONG AS I COULD BUTHE INSISTED ON SHOWING ME THOSE

·~ · THE NEXT DAY



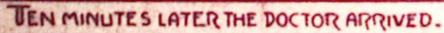
I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE A DEAL SO FIGURED. WITHTHIS NELSON, IT'S THE ONLY WAY. HALF A LOAF IS BETTER THAN NONE

BRUCE, ITHINK YOU'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE. MAKE SURE YOUPLAY YOUR CARDS RIGHT TO-DAY.



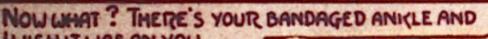
















THEN WE PLACE IT SNUGLY BETWEEN THE STRUPS OF BANDAGES. - LIKE THIS - SEE ?

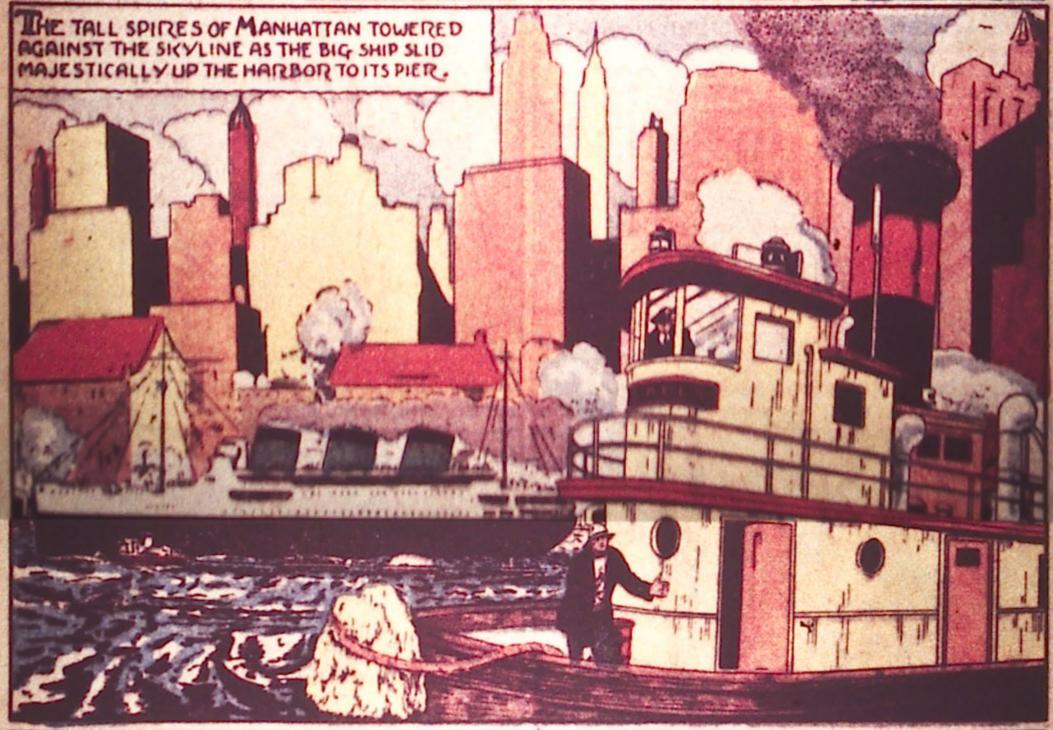


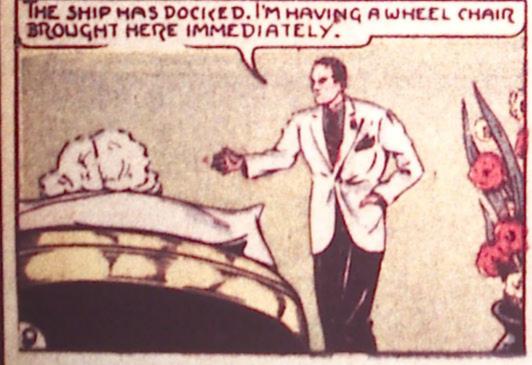
Now! - THE CUSTOMS MEN AREN'T LIABLE TO UN-BANDAGE YOUR ANKLE TO LOOK FOR ANYTHING, AND WE'LL ROLL YOU ASHORE IN A WHEEL CHAIR.







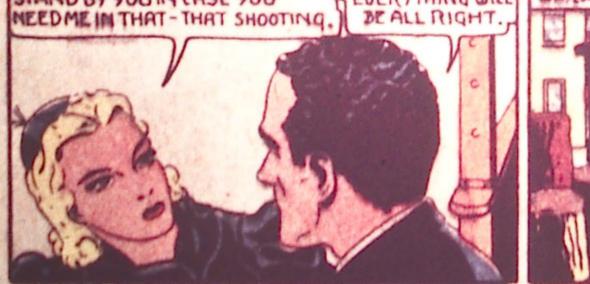




I HAVE SOME THINGS TO ATTEND TO WHEN IGET ASHORE SO, WRITE OUT THE ADDRESS WHERE I'M TO MEET YOU LATER TO CASH IN THE DIAMOND.

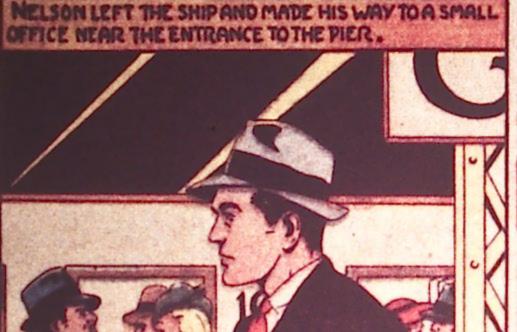








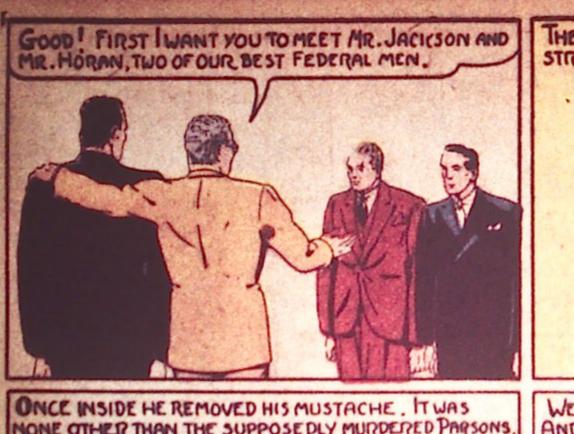
- I HOPE .



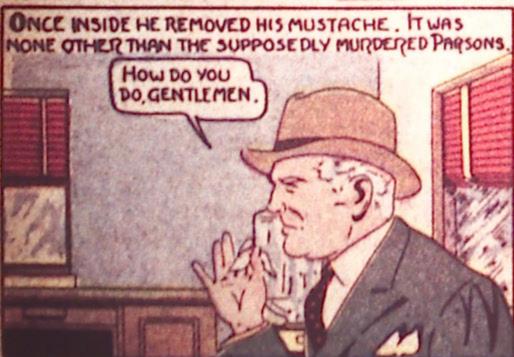






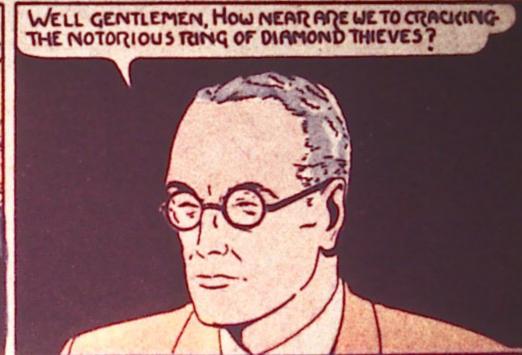




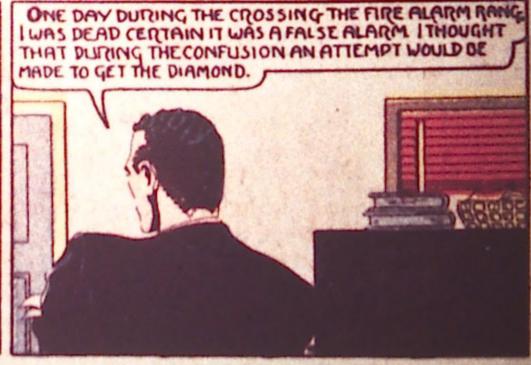


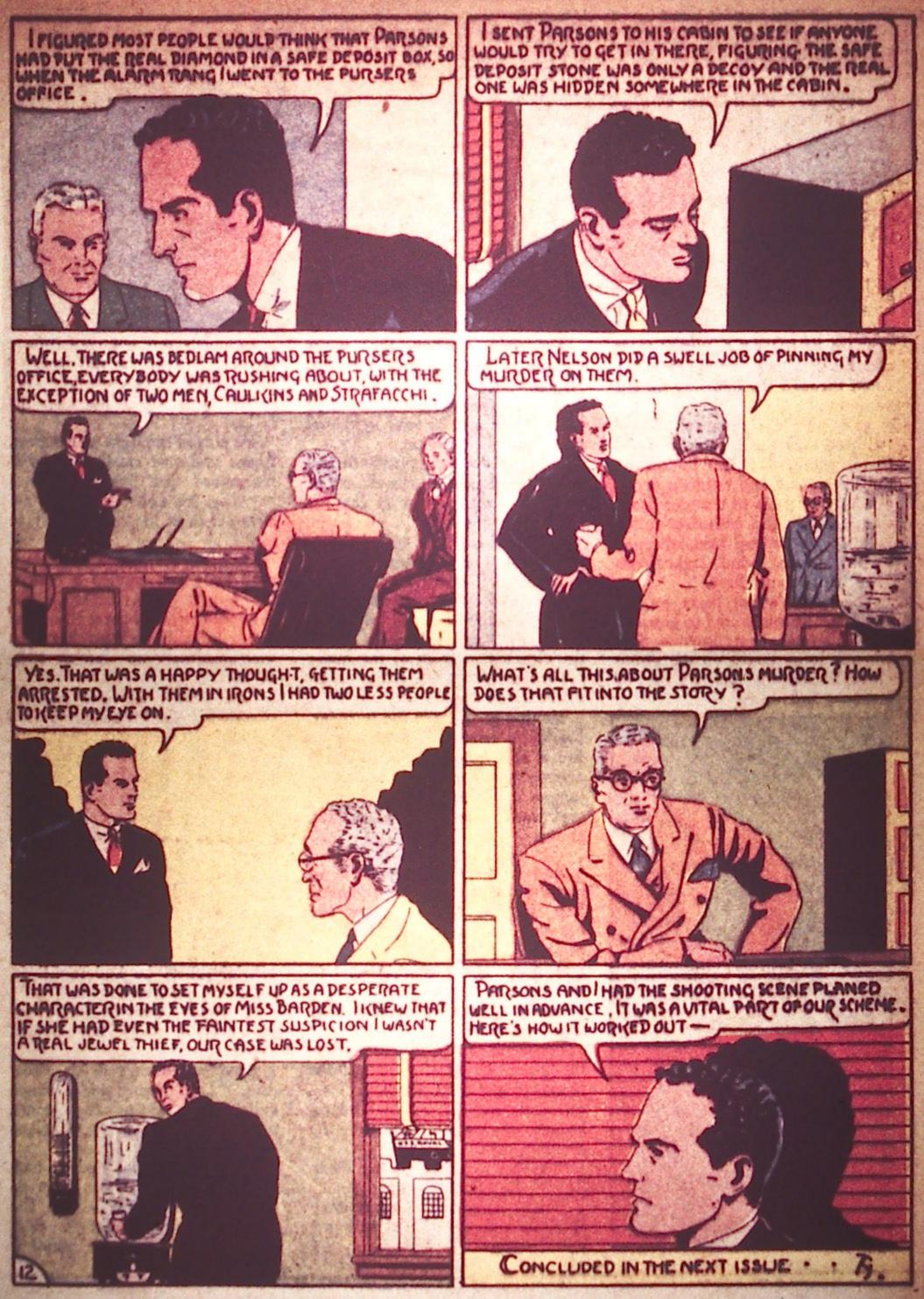














M BRADDOCK turned from his desk and peered across the room through the doorway on the veranda.

Deep-purple clouds rolled and tumbled over the mountain peaks to the south. Brilliant flashes cut the leaden sky and nature's organ sent mighty peals of thunder down the aisle of the cathedral-valley below. The tropical rain, whipped by the driving wind, lashed San Juan with satanic fury.

"Somebody's out there on the veranda," he murmured to himself.

And his statement became fact when a loose board on the porch creaked beneath the weight of

someone unknown.



Braddock opened the lower drawer of the desk and drew out an automatic. For a man of fifty years he moved quite rapidly; he switched off the lone light and stole over to the door.

He paused on the threshold and in the blackness he sensed, rather than saw, the person at the far

end of the veranda.

"Who's there?" he called sharp-

ly. "Answer or I'll fire!"

Braddock heard a scuffling sound and then detected the shadowy figure of a man leap from the veranda and dash madly across the clearing in front of the house toward a group of palms some thirty yards away.

Braddock raised his automatic to fire a shot into the air. But his action was halted by a blazing tongue of lightning that streaked earthward from the black sky

above.

And in the blinding light he saw the fleeing trespasser suddenly halt in his frantic pace and crumble to the ground. There came a deafening crack of thunder and once again everything was in darkness.

"Good Lord! He was struck by

that lightning!"

Braddock turned and raced into the house. He hurried through the rooms to the kitchen where Mrs. Jefferson, his fat, colored housekeeper, was cleaning up after the evening meal.

"Quick . . where is my flash-

light?" he asked.

"Right here, suh," she replied, handing it to him. "Is dere some thin' wrong?" Braddock did not take time to answer. Instead, he ran from the porch through the torrential rain to the spot where the man had fallen.

He played the light on the prone figure and was startled when he recognized the man's features.

"Why, it's Loco Pedro . . . and he seems to be in pretty bad shape,

too!"

He lifted the burned and blackened body and carried it back to the house. Mrs. Jefferson and Braddock worked over the inert Pedro for half an hour but there was absolutely no sign or spark of life.

"Ah thinks he is dead, Mr. Braddock," the house-keeper said.

"I'm afraid you're right," the owner replied. "I'll go phone the police and have them come up and claim the body."

The police and the coroner came some time later from San Juan in response to Braddock's summons.

The doctor made a hasty examination and pronounced Loco Pedro dead from burns and shock. Young Captain Brady asked Braddock several questions for the official report he had to fill for recording purposes.

"I wonder what he was prowling around for?" the Captain

asked.

Braddock shrugged his shoulders. "Loco Pedro was a simple half-wit... that probably accounts for many of his questionable actions."

The police carried Pedro's body to the truck and drove down the long, rain-covered road to San Juan. Here they placed the body in the morgue to await burial in the morning. The tropic heat and the economic conditions of the natives necessitated this swift inmerment.

HE storm fled with the night and the sun rose warmly over the lush green of the hills. And with the new day came an inexplicable discovery: the body of Loco Pedro had disappeared from the city morgue!

A search was instigated and for over a week Captain Brady and his men were busily occupied in trying to solve this odd mystery.

ome observers thought that Pedro's aged mother had stolen er son's body for her own sin-

fiter, voodoo worship.

The whole incident might have Ween forgotten had it not been for a series of horrifying reports mat suddenly found their way to Captain Brady's office. Men and nomen were held up, robbed and cruelly beaten by a fiend who coamed the country-side and the Yoothills, And in each and eyery case the unfortunate victim testi-Wed that the blood-thirsty attacker was Luco Pedro!

Late one night Captain Brady

fuffing on a long cigar. "It's defi-Vature for a dead man to return to life again."

pitely against all the laws of

"However, I don't believe Pedro was dead to begin with: I've read and heard of rare cases where persons were struck by lightning or touched an electric rail and were shocked so badly that all the symptoms of death apparently existed. Later they fortunately were discovered to be in a deep stupor or coma."

The house-keeper was in San Juan on her night off; so Braddock saw the police Captain to the door

when he arose to leave.

HE night was clear and warm and Brady strolled through the tall grass to where his car was parked by the roadway. And suddenly from the house came a startled cry of alarm.

The Captain swung around and noticed that the lights in the building were out. He raced back and leaped to the veranda. Without hesitation he flung open the door and bounced into the room,

In the dimness he discerned two figures, one that of Braddock's fiercely struggling in the far corner. In the next instant, the assailant leaped upon the plantation owner and grasped his throat with his left hand. In his upturned right hand he clenched a stiletto, ready to plunge into Braddock's body.

Brady's arm swung to his side and his revolver spat red fire. The gleaming knife clattered to the floor and the murderous attacker sank to the carpet and remained motionless.

The Captain switched the lights on and assisted Braddock to his feet. "Are you all right, old man?"

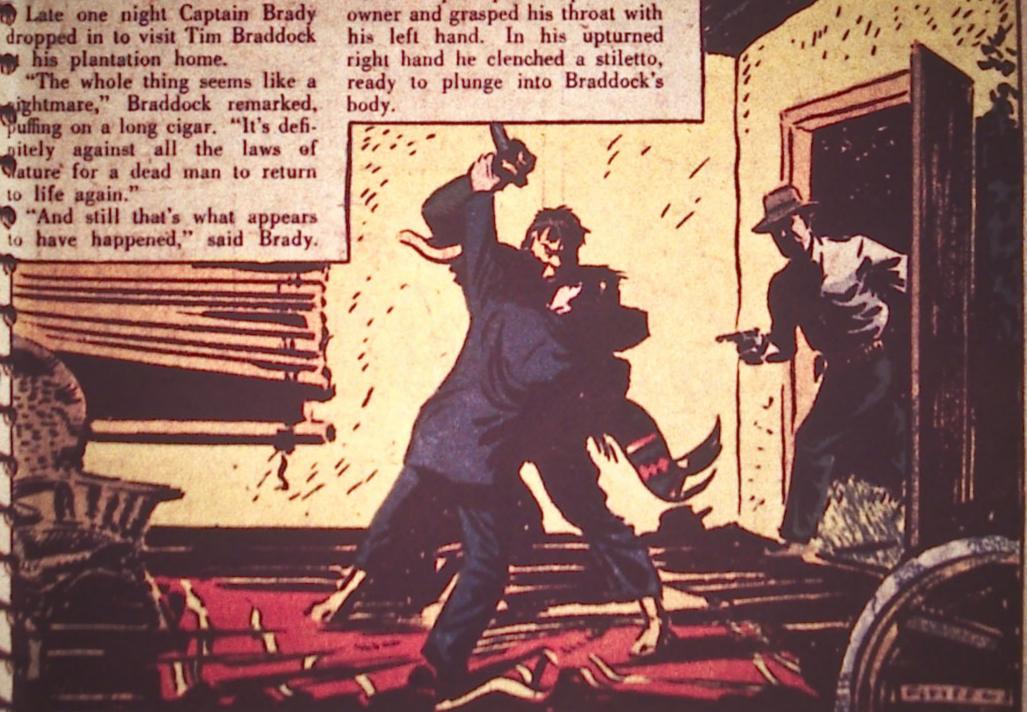
"A little shaken up, that's all," replied Braddock, brushing himself off.

Brady rolled the dead man over on his back. "It's Loco Pedro."

"He had evidently been watching through the window, waiting for his chance," said Braddock. "Then when you left, he probably crawled in through the window and turned off the lights. I'm mighty thankful that you heard me cry out."

"That's my job, Tim . . . to protect people," replied Brady, rubbing his chin, "But I did hate to kill this poor devil. If I had known this was going to happen I wish the lightning had struck twice!"

THE END





SALLY AND BART HAVE JUST RECEIVED THE TOUGHEST ASSIGN-MENT OF THEIR CAREER!

州10年,从此类的"蓝

THE UNWANTED TASK OF APPREHENDING " MR. DEATH," A MADMAN WHO PERSISTS IN KILLING INTERNATIONAL DIPLOMATS

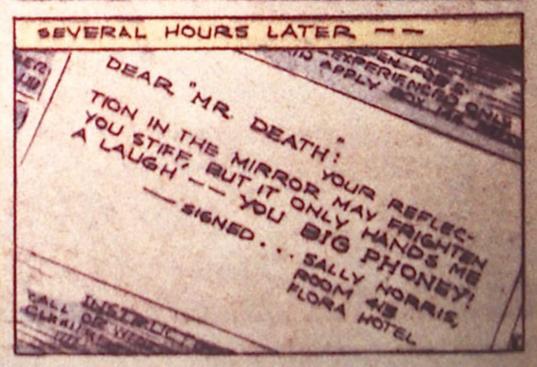




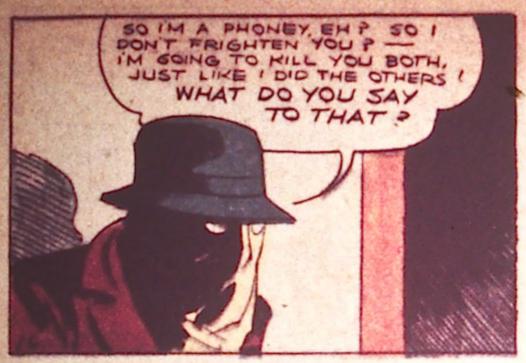






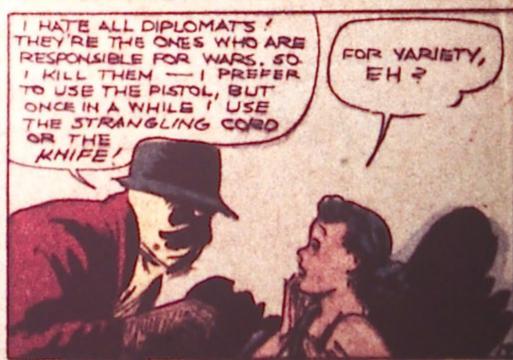






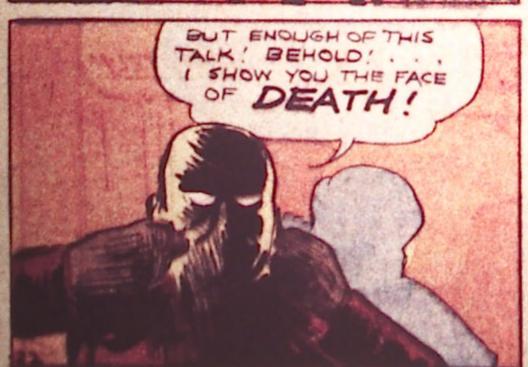


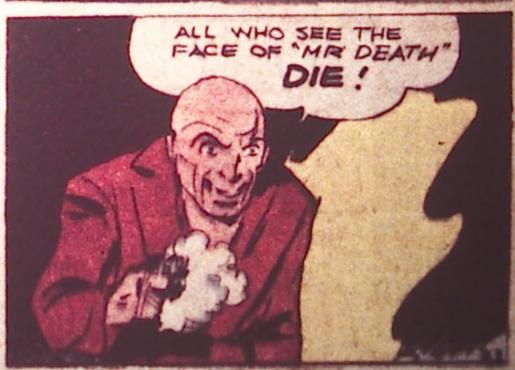






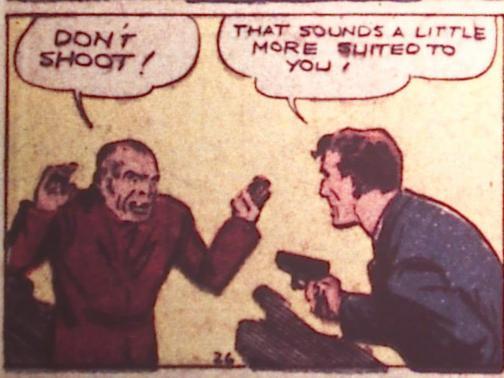






































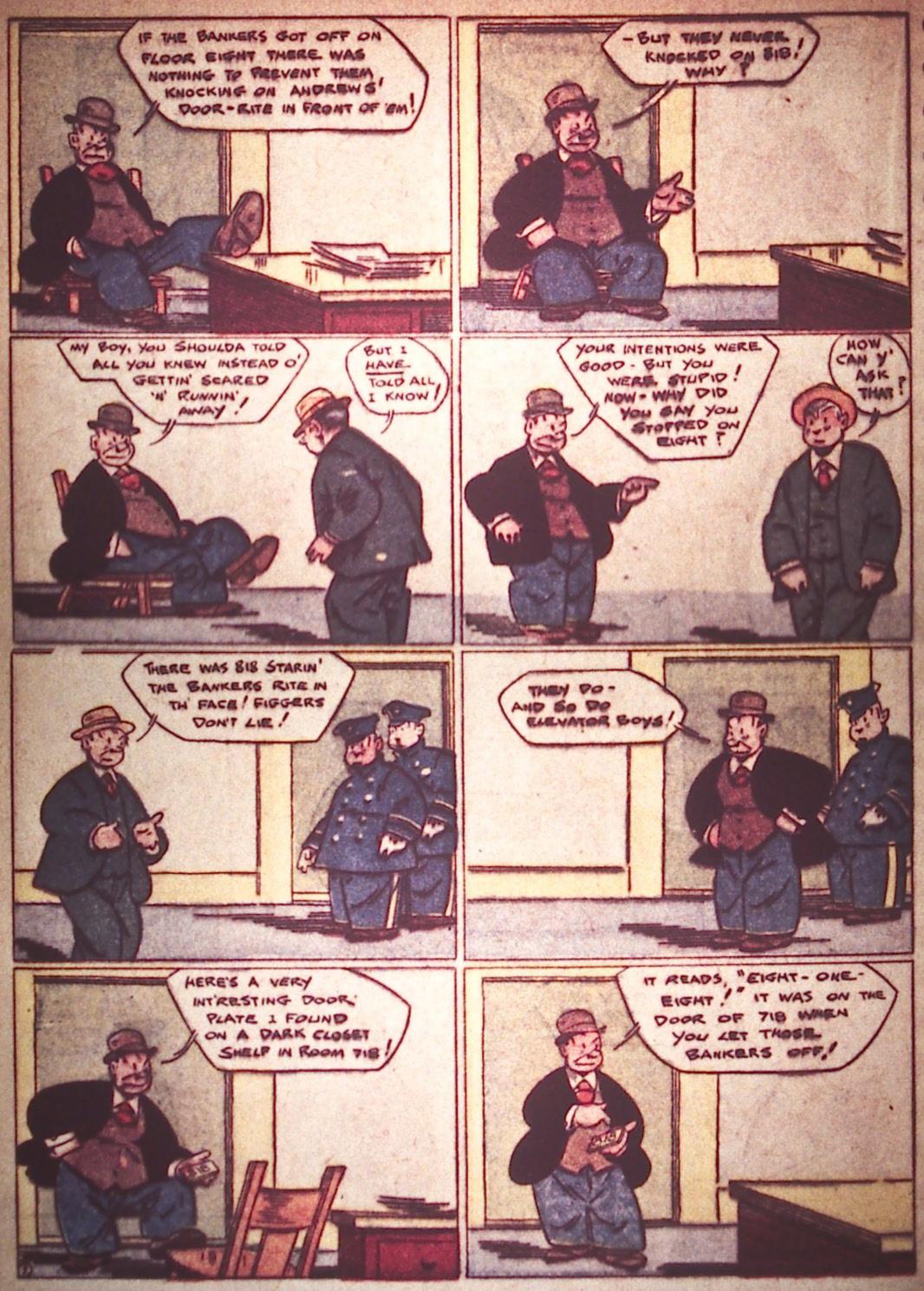
















DORIS BAY, ALONE AND IN NEED AFTER HER FATHER'S DEATH IN A CRASH AT THE AIR PORT GETS A JOB AS AIR HOSTESS AT THE PIERCE AIR LINES.



COSMO, ON HIS WAY TO THE WEST, BOOKS



GERS CAREFULLY INSPECTING HIS PARA.



SIX MONTHS PASS WITHOUT ANY MIS-



THE SHIP TAKES OFF INTO A CLOUD-



THEY RUN INTO A SUDDEN ICE-STORM.



CYLINDER DROPS OUT AND THE SHIP DI-VES TO EARTH.



DELIBERATELY, PIERCE RUSHES FOR SPACE AS HE RELEASES HIS PARACHUTE



WITH A DEAFENING CRASH THE PLANE TEARS INTO THE TREETOPS AND TUM-BLES CRAZILY OVER .



NONE ARE KILLED, BUT THE TWO PILOTS ARE BADLY INJURED.



PIERCE FINDS HIS WAY TO THE PARTY AND REPORTS HIS FIND.



IN THE BLINDING STORM THEY TRANSFER WHAT THEY CAN CARRY BEFORE NIGHT FALLS



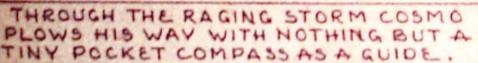
WITH A BLAZING FIRE IN THE HEARTH THEY AT LAST THAW OUT THEIR FROZEN BODIES.



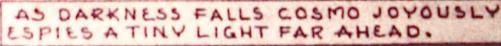




AFTER BREAKFAST COSMO STUDIES 4









HE ENTERS THE FARM HOUSE WHOSELIGHT HE SAW AND TELLS OF THE PLANE WRECK.





THE FARMER RETURNS WITH THE SHERIFF AND COSMO LEADS THE SMALL BUT
HEAVILY PROVISIONED BAND BACK OVER
THE MOUNTAINS.



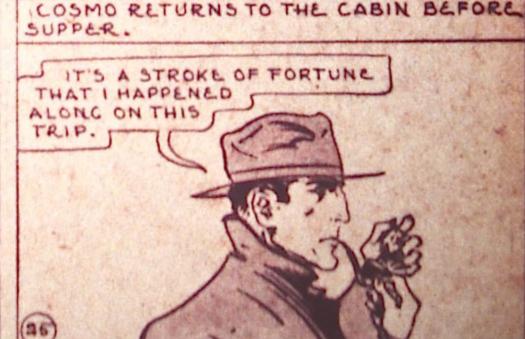
WILDLY THE RESCUE PARTY IS RECEIV-





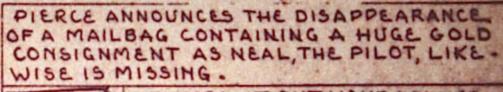




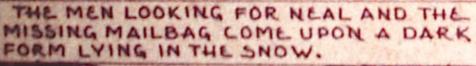




AT THE DOOR SEVERAL MEN BRUSH PAST



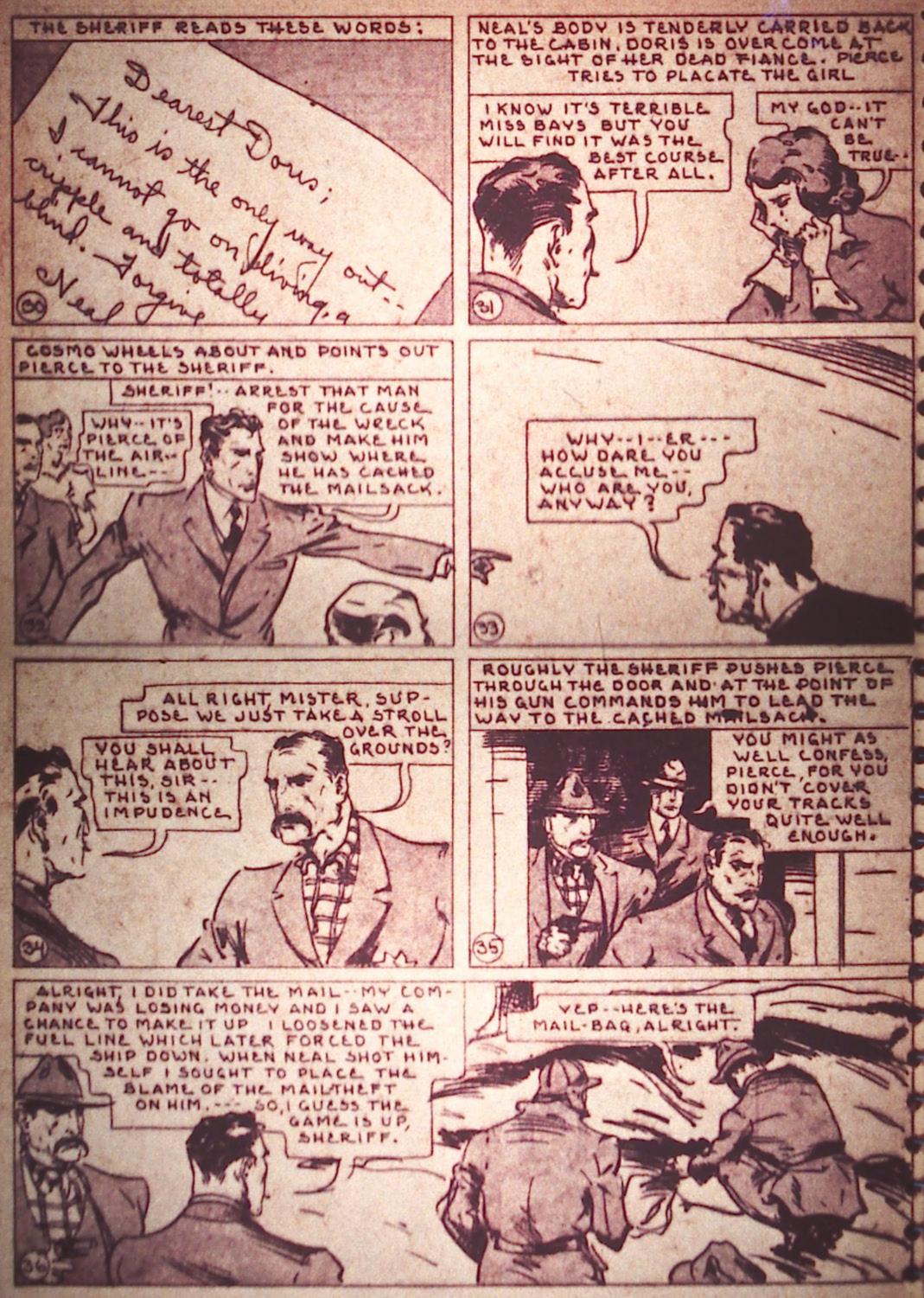


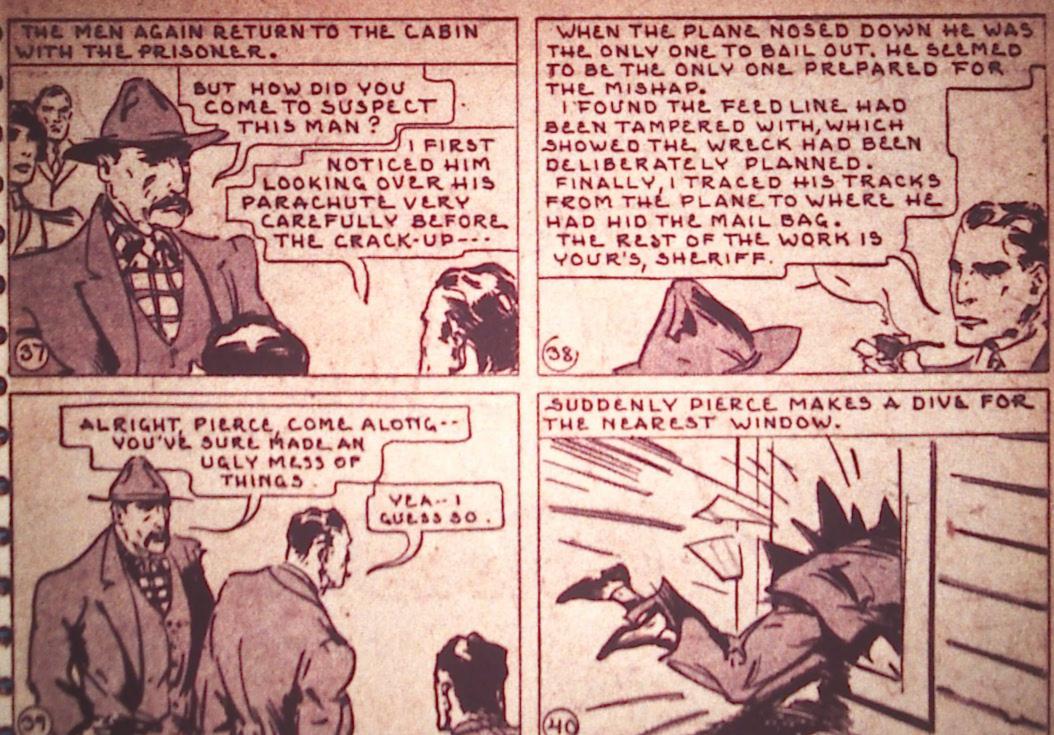




FINDS A NOTE IN ONE OF THE POCKETS.

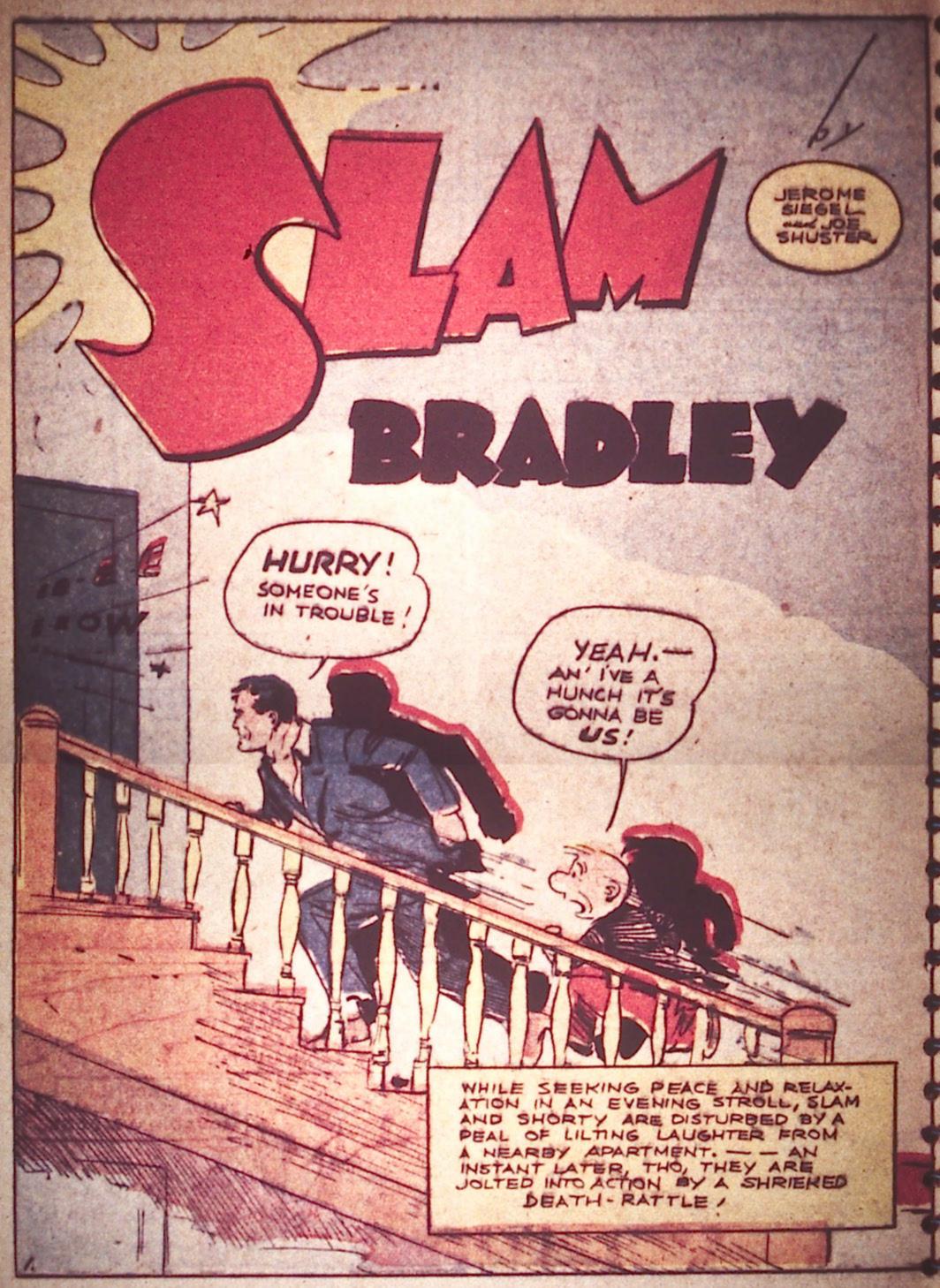














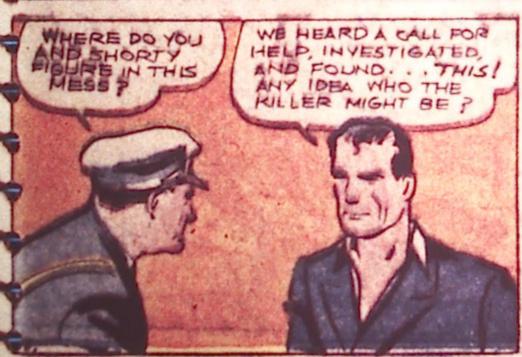






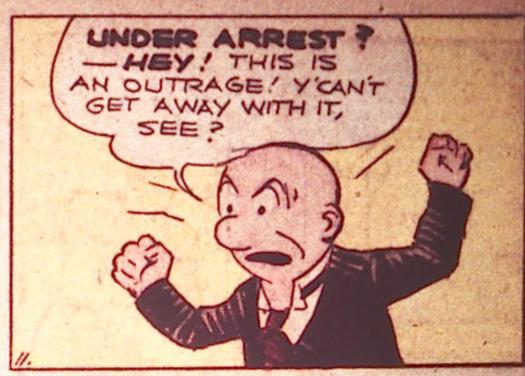






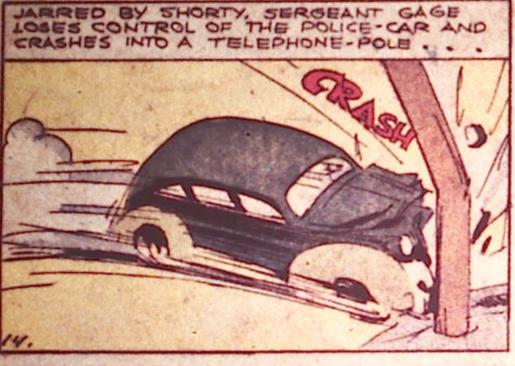




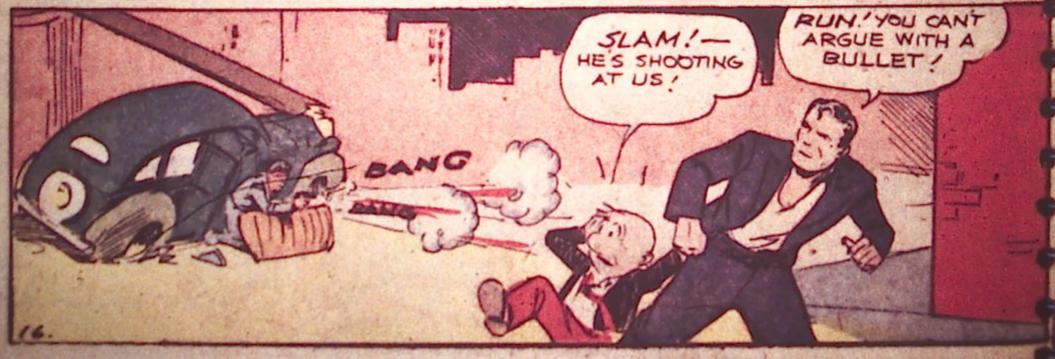


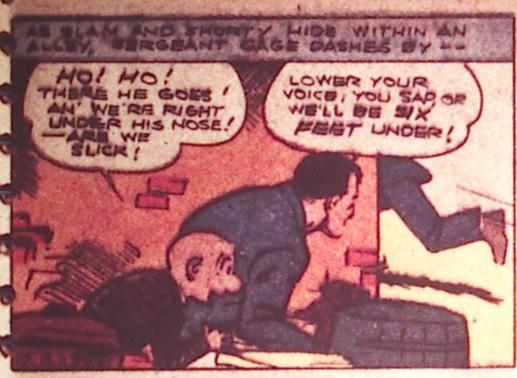












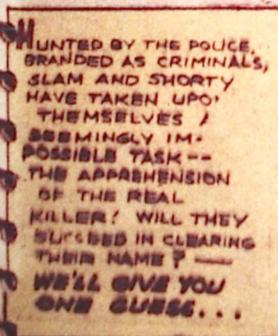


















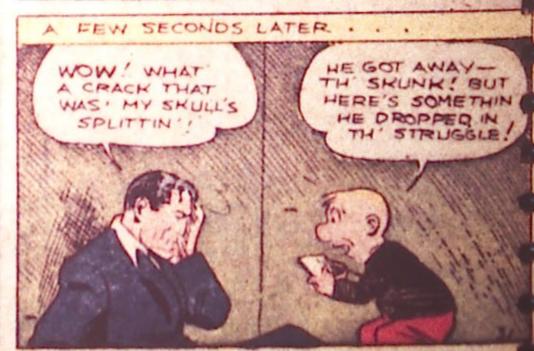








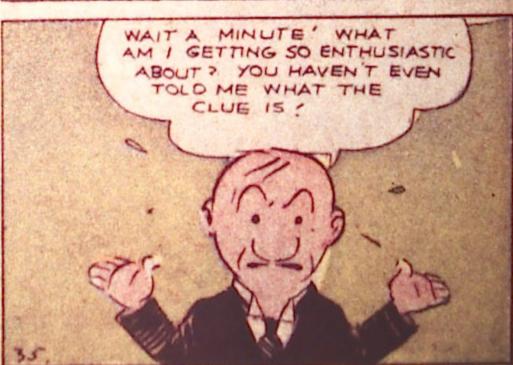


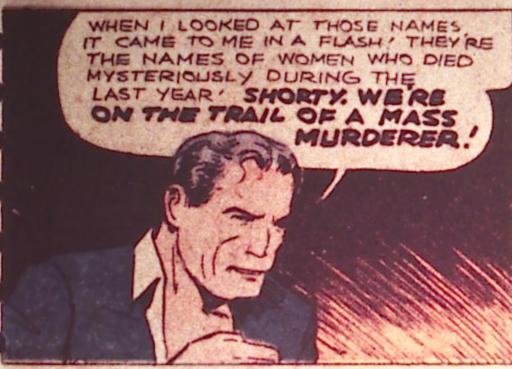


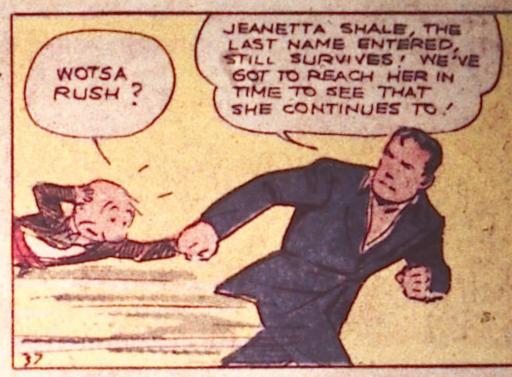


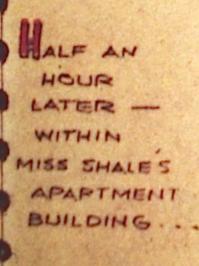


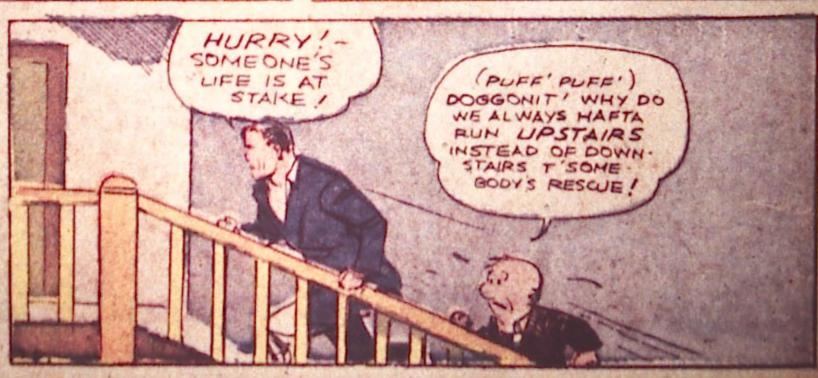














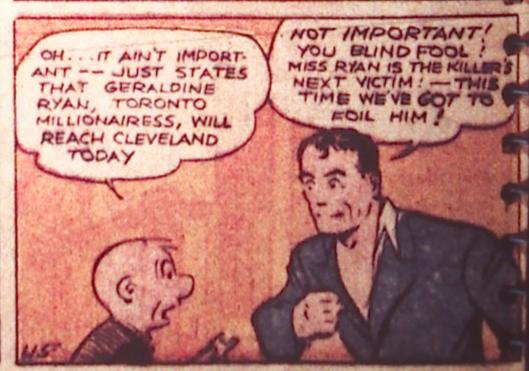
























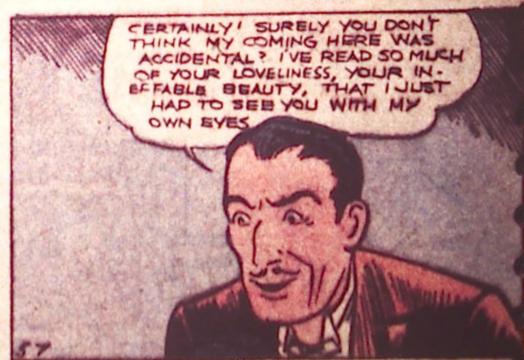






















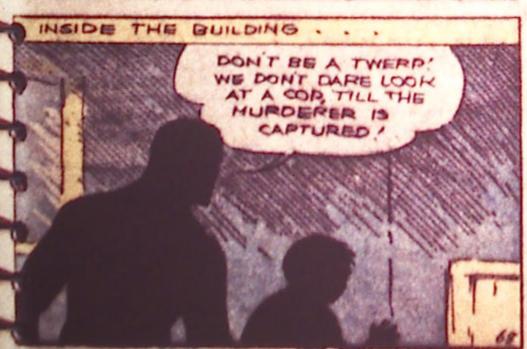






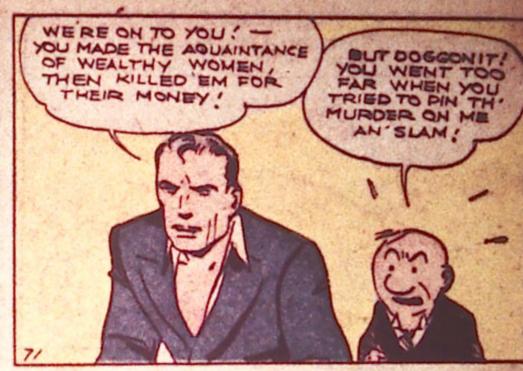


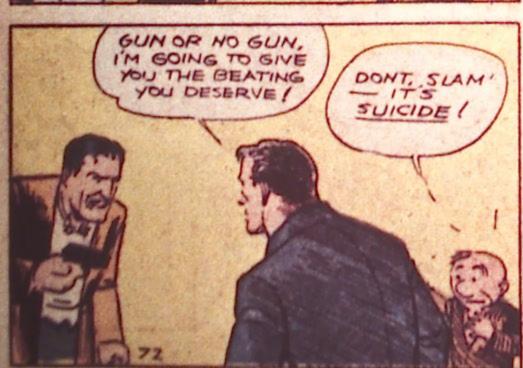
















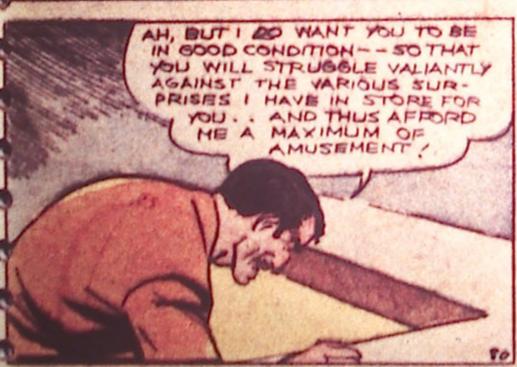


















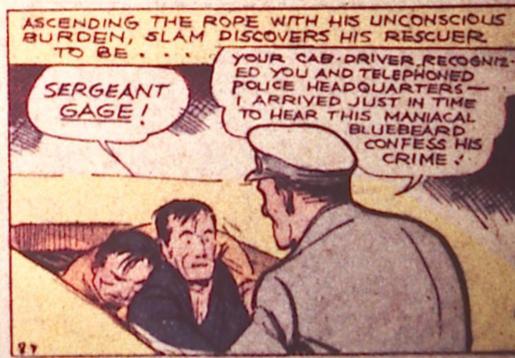






















IN SHANGHAI, MRS. HARKNESS GOES FROM ONE OF-FICIAL TO ANOTHER, TRYING TO GAIN PERMISSION TO HUNT THE GIGNT PONDO --



WITH NO AVAIL- THEY ALL TELL HER HER UNDERTAK-



WITH HER PORTERS SHE PLUCS AHEAD OVER TRAILS WHERE THE SLIP OF A FOOT MEANS CERTAIN DEATH-

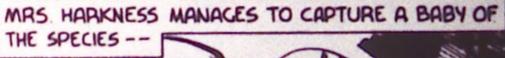


-INTO AN UNEXPLORED TROPICAL WILDERNESS WHERE THE PANDA MAKES HIS HOME -



AFTER ENDLESS, HOPELESS SEARCHING, ONE DAY THE LITTLE PARTY IS REWARDED - PANDA IS SIGHTED --









TRANSMITTER

Stinson Reliant Giant Flying Plane



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25c





Although in one this namers can fit into your watch pocket, rest pocket or pelm of hand, it will take some of the finest pictures you have ever seen Adourately ground ions. Provision built shutter and direct vision poctures, size X x In. In. Income much roll. Can be set for time and instantaneous anapahuta, and locked so that no pictures may be chilared up to 8x10" will retaining an a m x i n i amount of detail. Uses fine you fill the different insulation had not been amount of detail. Uses fine you fill the standard and mass with life waiting the mainty process weathar conditions. Use in smally removed and remove weathar conditions. Use in smally removed and remove weathar conditions.

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